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T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

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## Poetry

ANTHONY MORRIS

How the morning sunbeams shone

Through the window-panes so bright

Waving strange, fantastic pictures

Which the sunbeams cast on light

As their dancing shadows fall

On the carpet—on the floor

On the Autumn moon in the gloom

With the stars and the moon

Whispering, singing, lightly swaying

Through the window-panes so bright

As their dancing shadows fall

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more that the castle was being fitted up

new, and it was surmised that the fair

was coming back, to bring with him a

bride. He did come, when all the prepa-

rations were completed, bringing with him

a fair young creature of gentle birth, who

looked as if a rude breath from heaven

would destroy her. For a while all went

well at the castle.

"The surrounding neighbors idolized

the young mistress of the place, and every-

where she was greeted with reverence;

but many were the gossipings which were

held at the social gatherings, as to the sin-

gular affection the lady evinced for her

husband, who was known to be dissipated

and unworthy of her; but, be it as it may,

he professed to feel considerable love for

her, and she appeared happy.

"A year had not passed away before

many noticed that Lady Margaret's face

was paler and more subdued than its wont,

and the tones of her voice, though still

full of music, were lower and more mea-

sured than formerly. The old women no-

ticed, for they attributed it to Lord Ro-

senrantz; however, nothing definite was

known.

"As time passed on, the smile which

was wont to beam upon the sweet face of

Lady Margaret was more rare to be seen,

and it finally ceased altogether. She was

now seldom seen abroad, and finally no-

thing was seen of her at all. Whispers of

four deaths now went the rounds, and frown-

ing glances were cast upon Lord Rosen-

rantz whenever he was seen. Things

went on as formerly; the castle was ne-

glected, and the fate of the fair mistress

was involved in doubt, for she had disap-

peared. One night, when a raging storm

was warring without, and the inhabitants of

the mountains were gathered round their

blazing hearths, talking in ominous wis-

pers, and stopping over and anon to listen

to the gusts of wind, a servant of the cas-

tle rushed into William Witzel's cottage,

affrighting the inmates by his rude man-

ner and impetuous way.

"What is the matter?" inquired Witzel.

"What means this?"

"My mistress, Lady Margaret!" he

shrieked. "He will murder us both!"

"Who? who?" exclaimed all in a breath.

"Lord Rosenrantz. He has confined

her in a dungeon of the palace, and the

poor thing is a maniac!"

"A maniac! How do you know it?"

"Why, I heard her screaming and

laughing so wildly and so strangely. He

heard her, too, and I saw him go down

the stairs and go to the place. I followed

him, and when he unlocked the door—oh,

she looked so wildly, and stared at him

with frenzy in her eye. He brutally com-

pelled her to cease her screams, and sud-

denly turning, discovered me at his heels.

He would have seized me, but I rushed

out of the castle and through the storm,

until I reached here."

Witzel and his family readily offered

their protection to the servant, and anx-

iously awaited the cessation of the storm,

which, however, lasted until morning. The

news was quickly spread among the neigh-

bors, but none knew what to do.

"In about a week after as one of the

mountaineers was standing upon the side

of one of the craggy projections overlook-

ing the bridge he was startled by the ap-

pearance of a female figure, dressed in

white, running from a man who was hastily

pur-suing her. Her fair hair was floating

over her shoulders in confusion, and her

face was in great disorder. On, on she

came toward the bridge, and the moun-

taineer trembled as he saw her step upon

the dizzy height, and pursue the dan-

gerous path to the center; here she paused,

and looked back at her pursuer. In her

pale, haggard face, and glaring eyes, he

recognized the Lady Margaret. Her pur-

suer was Lord Rosenrantz, her husband.

"He, too, reached the bridge, but he

paused—he dared not go farther.

"Come!" said the maniac, "come, take

me away, or I shall jump off."

"You dare not, Margaret. Come back;

I will not miss you again. Come!"

"No, I will not, unless you come and

take me."

"He hesitated a moment, and then care-

fully stepped upon the stone; the maniac

laughed wildly, as she perceived his wary

movements.

"You are afraid!" she shrieked.

"At length he reached her, and, catch-

ing her dress, exclaimed: